

6-11-1943

## Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1943-06-11

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

Follow this and additional works at: <https://commons.erau.edu/fly-paper>

---

### Scholarly Commons Citation

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, "Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1943-06-11" (1943). *Embry-Riddle Fly Paper*. 108.

<https://commons.erau.edu/fly-paper/108>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Newspapers at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Embry-Riddle Fly Paper by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact [commons@erau.edu](mailto:commons@erau.edu).

# EMBRY-RIDDLE

## *Fly Paper* "STICK TO IT"

VOL. VI

JUNE 11, 1943

NO. 8

## EDDIE HOUSE IS NEW HEAD OF DORR FIELD GROUND SCHOOL

Meet Eddie House, new Head of Ground School, who is taking the place of Homer Hoten, recently commissioned in the Army.



Eddie was born in Alachua County, Fla., in the year 1915. He attended high school in Plant City and was graduated from the University of Florida at Gainesville.

In the latter part of 1941 he joined the Company as Navigation Instructor. Tennis seems to be his forte and they do say he's pretty keen at it.

Another new-comer is Virginia M. Jones, Gerald Taylor's new stenographer. Virginia's other half is an Instructor at the Auxiliary Field. Welcome Virginia, we hope you like us.

### Tongue Twister

Just awondering about that mix-up of names—Cadets Caffee and Coffee and Instructors Chaffee and Laffee—some tongue twisters?

Now you take this typewriter for instance, it's got more gadgets on it than any AT-6 you ever saw. You've got a margin release that coincides with the retractable landing gear, then down in the right hand corner there's a button marked TAB—trim tab I suppose?

Then we got two shift keys—so that you can use either thumb that's handy? Then there's the ribbon key—why, since we ain't got but one ribbon? Quite often we get two keys that will try and come up together, we even have had as many as three keys all jammed up together. That being the case all you have to do is borrow the nearest screw driver and a little gentle tap of the hammer does the trick—usually.

Some day you may see us walking down the sidewalk with a typewriter dangling from our fingers. The answer will be simple, trying to use more than the usual three fingers and got caught—and Bill Ellard done gone home.

We happened to be at L. L. Morgan's Hardware Store this last Saturday evening,

and who should we find in there but none other than our old friend "Buttercup" Taylor and wife Helen. She very proudly told me about the new stove that friend husband had just bought her. Boy, it certainly is a beauty.

Helen told us that Gerald took her in the store to see the nice surprise that he had bought her—a washboard and a No. 3 wash tub. We have to hand it to Helen to change the surprise to a nice new electric stove.

The last remark we heard out of "Buttercup" as he was leaving the store was something about how they have changed that old saying about the woman always having the last word. It's the man who always has the last word now—"Yes, Dear."

### Good Motto

The slogan that hangs up in the Mess Hall kitchen certainly hits the right spot. "Take only what you can eat, then eat ALL that you take." This was thought up by "Little" Joe and printed by "Big" Sam Veeman. Certainly got to hand it to the two cooks for a good motto.

Jackie Pickens on her vacation this week in Orlando—we hope you have a grand time Jackie.

Suggested that Nicodemus get a fan for the next safety meeting at Dorr—we never did get the hot coffee and doughnuts that

we *thought* we had coming—make it ice tea instead?

Wonder just why Doug Hocker up-ends the seat on the scooter these hot days. "Dorr Field's Hot Seat."

Yes sir, if Mary Edna Parker doesn't come across with some news for the paper this next issue, we're going to put that picture in the dog house. Charlie Ebbs said it was just too awful to develop.

### The Short Snorter's Log

We don't have much news this week—everyone seems to be mighty quite getting started with Class 43-K. Everybody seemed to have been busy last Monday when we had all three Classes here for the better part of a day—waiting for transportation.

Shipment is being awaited with the keenest anticipation by the guard force of a stuffed fox. Many of the force wanted to go whole hog and get a lion, but we decided that even a certain Officer knew better than to believe that there are lions in Florida.

A whole host of congratulations are in order this week, cigars have been handed out by the handful to the men (we do know of a certain lady who took a cigar) and handfuls of candy to the ladies, the line up:

Promotions—from Sgt. to S/Sgt. Smith, Cpl. to Sgt. Martin, Cpl. to Sgt. Thompson,

*Continued on Page 9*

## THE FLIGHT LINE AT DORR



PTs at the "Abandoned Airport" receive the attention of the gas truck



# EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by  
THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.



JOHN PAUL RIDDLE, *President*  
JOHN G. MCKAY, *Vice-President and Legal Advisor*  
LEONARD J. POVEY, *Vice-President*  
*in Charge of Flying Operations*  
GEORGE C. WHEELER, JR., *Vice-President*  
JOSEPH R. HORTON, *Vice-President and*  
*General Manager of Aircraft and Engine Division*

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE  
Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida  
H. ROSCOE BRINTON, *General Manager*

RIDDLE AERONAUTICAL INSTITUTE  
Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida  
GORDON MOUGEY, *General Manager*

EMBRY-RIDDLE SCHOOL of AVIATION  
Miami, Florida  
TECHNICAL DIVISION  
JAMES E. BLAKELEY, *General Manager*  
LANDPLANE DIVISION  
STERLING W. CAMDEN, JR., *General Manager*  
SEAPLANE DIVISION  
RUTH A. NORTON, *General Manager*

RIDDLE-MCKAY AERO  
INSTITUTE OF TENNESSEE  
Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.  
T. E. FRANTZ, *General Manager*

RIDDLE-MCKAY AERO COLLEGE  
Riddle Field, Clewiston, Florida  
G. WILLIS TYSON, *General Manager*

AIRCRAFT AND ENGINE DIVISION  
JOSEPH R. HORTON, *General Manager*  
ENGINE OVERHAUL  
CHARLES F. GRAFFLIN, *Manager*  
ARCADIA OVERHAUL DIVISION  
JAN KLINT, *Manager*  
AIRCRAFT OVERHAUL  
W. L. DESHAZO, JR., *Superintendent*  
INSTRUMENT OVERHAUL  
W. C. BECKWITH, *Superintendent*  
M. A. WESTERVELT, *Supervisor*

WAIN R. FLETCHER, *Editor*

VADAH WALKER, *Assistant Editor*

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS

PAT GRANT, *Seaplane Division, Miami*  
CARA LEE COOK, *Landplane Division, Miami*  
DOROTHY P. BURTON, *Technical Division, Miami*  
KAY BRAMLITT, *U. S. Army Primary School*  
*Carlstrom Field, Arcadia*  
JACK HOPKINS, No. 5 B. F. T. S.  
*Riddle Field, Clewiston*  
JACK WHITNALL, *U. S. Army Primary School*  
*Dorr Field, Arcadia*  
KEN STIVERSON, *U. S. Army Primary School*  
*Embry-Riddle Field, Union City, Tenn.*  
SAM LIGHTHOLDER, *Staff Artist*  
CHARLES C. EBBETS, *Staff Photographer*  
ARTHUR RUHNE  
*Assistant Staff Photographer*

# Letters to the Editor

Miami, Florida

May 23, 1943

My Dear Mr. Riddle:

This letter is to thank you for your kind invitation to be present at the banquet in commemorating the graduation of Latin-American students, and I take advantage of this opportunity to let you know how much I liked your School.

Besides the good organization and instruction which are above question one thing called my attention, it was the gratitude the students expressed in having the instruction here in the United States and at the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation. For impressing on them such a feeling about the United States and the School all the credit must be given to you and to those who work under you.

I left your School completely satisfied with everything I saw and I am sure that the work your organization is doing is something outstanding as far as the Good Neighbor Policy is concerned.

Please accept my congratulations and be kind enough to convey them to those who are helping you in such a beautiful work.

Sincerely yours,  
Harold R. Cox,  
Commander,  
Brazilian Navy

*Editor's Note: With the permission of both Commander Cox and Mr. Riddle we are pleased to publish the above letter.*

U.S.N.A.S.—A.B.G.2  
A. E. Squadron 22  
c/o Parachute Div.  
San Diego, Calif.  
May 28, 1943

Dear Editor:

I have received several copies of the Fly Paper since I have been in the service and it is really swell. I want to thank you for the past issues and I hope you continue to send it.

I was at Carlstrom Field in the Parachute department for eleven months and the people there were very nice to me. I am interested in the work going on there and would like to hear from any of the fellows at the Field.

I am in the Parachute Division of the U. S. Marine Corps and have seven jumps to my credit, but I am merely trying to "Keep 'em Flying."

Sincerely yours,  
Pfc. Herbert W. Dyal

*Editor's Note: We have included Dyal's complete address so that his friends at Carlstrom will write to him. We hope some of you chaps will take a few minutes to write so that our Paratrooper can keep in touch with the Field other than through the medium of the Fly Paper.*

Oriel House  
Russell Road  
Rhyl, N. Wales  
Great Britain  
May 9, 1943

Dear Editor:

This letter will probably reach you later than June 9th, but I want you and everyone in any way connected with the House of Riddle to know that on that date quite a number of English boys will be casting their minds back over two years of war to the early morning of June 9th.

It was just after 6 a.m. on that memorable day that ninety-nine of us — Carlstrom Field's first batch of British Cadets — stepped from the train and met for the first time the grand people who were to be our hosts for ten weeks.

We were taken to the Arcadia House for breakfast, and as I write I have before me a picture of the scene, taken by the one and only Charlie Ebbets. I can see many fine friends in it—John Paul Riddle, "Bill" Hart, Nate and Gerry Reece, George Ola and a dozen others.

I can see the faces of boys who have long since given all they had to give—and who gave willingly because they too believed in freedom. I can see faces of other boys who are still fighting the good fight in various parts of the world.

As your very first English correspondent, I feel that all my friends in Class 42-A would wish me to write once again on behalf of all of them on this our second anniversary.

For them I want to tell you that we are proud to have met y'all, glad of the training we received at your hands.

We ninety are thrilled by the Allied successes in North Africa, determined as ever to see it through.

Very best wishes to "boss" Riddle and his whole happy family, especially George Dudley, Kay Bramlitt, Nate and Gerry Reece, G. W. Tyson, Jack Hunt and—last but by no means least—Bud Belland.

Yours,  
Arthur L. Prandle

*Editor's Note: Arthur's letter seems to have spanned the ocean faster than he expected, and we're delighted that it is so timely. We can assure "our first batch of Britishers" that on their second anniversary we're thinking of them as their thoughts turn to us.*

## GROUP INSURANCE

As of July 3, the anniversary of the Group Insurance policy, employees having had a salary change since January 3 of this year, will receive increased benefits under the plan.

This is all automatic and does not require the changing of an employee's insurance certificate.



## THE UNITED STATES SYSTEM of TRAINING AMAZES BRAZILIANS

The American government's system of using private industry and civilian contractors to train military and civilian personnel for the War effort was described as amazing by a dozen Brazilian newspapermen on a visit to Embry-Riddle last week. The visit was the first stop on a tour of inspection of the nation's War effort.

The employment of women in war work as demonstrated at Embry-Riddle also was of particular interest to the Brazilians. At the school women are now serving as army technical training instructors, as well as holding down other jobs and taking defense courses.

The Brazilians said they hope to take back to their country the method of standardization of air fields, such as that found in our Fields, Carlstrom and Dorr at Arcadia, Riddle at Clewiston, and Embry-Riddle at Union City, Tenn., all of which have the same basic architectural background. This eliminates new engineering problems in building each new Field.

The group included Arlindo Pasqualini of Folha da Tarde, Porto Alegre; Casper Libero of A Gazeta, Sao Paulo; Edgar do Godoi da Mata Machado of O Diario, Belo Horizonte; Hugo Barretto of O Globo, Rio de Janeiro; Wilson Lins Albuquerque of O Imparcial, Bahia; Andre Carrazoni of A Noite, Rio de Janeiro; Romeu Ribeiro, Journal de Commercio, Rio de Janeiro; Belisario de Souza of Journal do Brasil, Rio de Janeiro.

E. Simoes Filho of A Tarde, Bahia; Joaquim O. S. Carmargo of Folha da Noite, Sao Paulo; Rodolfo da Motta Lima of Correio da Manhã, Rio de Janeiro; Elias Antonio Pacheco Chaves of Dairio da Noite, Sao Paulo; John Lee, director of the tour, and Richard Dyer, both of the office of Inter-American Affairs; William H. Lander of the United Press and Louis Probaus of the Associated Press.

## YOU'RE THE BOSS

An Army Air Force mechanic comes to know a lot of "bosses." It works like that all the way down the line. Sure, you want to do a good job if it's only to keep out of trouble.

But it goes further than that. You're also your own boss. You're the only one who really knows just what you've put into your effort.

It's true that someone will come along behind you and check you. That's natural. Someone with more experience and, perhaps, a wider knowledge will either pass or reject the job you've done. But he won't know how much heart has gone into that

## BRAZILIAN JOURNALISTS VISIT TECH SCHOOL



Early last week a group of journalists from Brazil paid a visit to Embry-Riddle as a first stop on a tour of inspection of the nation's War effort. Left to right on the ground: John Lee, Office of Inter-American Affairs; Arlindo Padqualini of Folha da Tarde, Porto Alegre; Joaquim O. S. Carmargo of Folha da Noite, Sao Paulo; Elias Antonio Pacheco Chaves of Dairio da Noite, Sao Paulo; Wilson Lins Albuquerque of O Imparcial, Bahia; James E. Blakeley, Director of the Embry-Riddle Technical School; E. Simoes Filho of A. Tarde, Bahia. Left to right on the plane: Hugo Barretto of O Globo, Rio de Janeiro; Adriano Ponso of Porto Alegre and Embry-Riddle; Rodolfo da Motta Lima of Correio da Manhã, Rio de Janeiro; Andre Carrazoni of A Noite, Rio de Janeiro; and Edgar do Godoi da Mata Machado of O Dairio, Belo Horizonte.

job, how much care and how much mental alertness.

That's where you come in. That's the ground on which you've got to judge *yourself*, decide whether you've succeeded or failed in your mission—in short, be your own boss.

You, the mechanic, may sometimes fail to realize the power you wield. You may forget that a single small mistake on your part can mean a flight plan straight to tragedy.

You may lose sight of the fact that every twist of a bolt, every turn of a screw on every flying line of the Allied Nations is important to Victory. And maybe there won't be anyone around to remind you.



You may not think of it until you see the crash ambulance head for the field.

If you make that single small mistake it's a hundred-to-one bet nobody will trace it directly to you. But you'll have yourself to live with and yourself to blame.

## ERIC SUNDSTROM RECEIVES NEWS OF INTER-AMERICANS

by Eric R. Sundstrom, Coordinator  
Inter-American Training

Visiting us on Monday were the following Inter-American students: Adolfo Sasso, Reno Bono, Chester Galeno and Israel Silva, who at present are receiving practical training at Riddle Field, Clewiston.

The boys are very pleased with their work in Clewiston and with the kindness and cooperation that they receive from everyone at Riddle Field. But there is one thing that is bothering them and that is, "What do the Clewistonites use to tie those dinosauros-like mosquitos?"

Antonio Medina departed for Cuba on Tuesday. Good luck, Antonio, and hurry back to see us.

Jorge Robertson, now stationed at Chapman Field, spent a couple of days in the hospital with an ailing knee. We are happy to report that he is now back on the job keeping them flying.



## FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR AND VICE - PRESIDENT AT CARLSTROM



Bob Davis, left, and "El Capitan" Len Povey on the Carlstrom Flight Line

## CARLSTROM R. A. I. NEWS

by Kay Bramlitt

And so it came to pass that everybody and his brother and his brother's brother partooketh of what proved to be the finest,

most enjoyable party yet staged for the Carlstromites. Same being conceived, staged, and directed at the Carlstrom Patio, 'midst moonlight, last Saturday night.



A goodly crowd was there, the adjective being used advisedly. The food was grand and the music itself, directed as per usual by Chi Desidoeo, was of such a nature that all the guys and gals borrowed a hat, (albeit after much difficulty), and passed it among the enthusiasts, procuring enough wherewithal to provide the price of an extra hour's added fun.

And even then, nobody wanted to go home. In short, it was one of those parties that clicked from the word "go" and continued clicking long after the word "stop."

**Formal**

A bit more than a bit of formality entered the picture, it seemingly being the consensus of opinion among the gals that it would be cooler if the feminine attire was formal. And so, a lot of the girl-critters came formal. This, of course, generated higher temperatures among the male contingent, since formal attire for the males is oftentimes anything but cooler.

But that was neither here nor there, because everybody was hither and thither and yon until the wee sma' hours and the matter of keeping cool, "under fire," so to speak, became of secondary or tertiary importance.

A Jitterbug Contest was suggested by "Boss" Povey, the winning couple to receive a \$5.00 prize. Among contestants were Smitty and Kay Smith, who did themselves proud; and Lt. May and his charming wife, who didn't even know it was a contest! The winners were Larry Roe of Accounting and Miss Neva Morqus, one of the local lovelies—and they really put on an exhibition dance for us.

**War Bonds**

Another highlight of the evening was the awarding of a \$25.00 War Bond. The lucky person was none other than our own Mary Frances Burrows of Army Engineering. She was so excited she couldn't even fill out the Bond form because she couldn't remember her husband's first name.

Mr. Pettit, our Steward, certainly deserves a lot of credit for preparing such a super Buffet Supper! Thanks loads!

You may begin to get the idea that "a good time was had by all"—which is true. Only disappointment of the whole affair was that some of the executive force from Miami who planned to be here, were unable to come. The latch-string remains out, however, and we strongly advise the presence of these unfortunates at the next go-round. The date has not been set yet, but it will be announced soon, with fan-fare.

**Bald Spots**

Switching from the redundant to the superlative, (two-bits, please), the Carlstrom flight liners, and other powers that be, are in high glee over recent precipitation that has caused a resurgence of chlorophyll in the turf on the main airdrome, or, en otras palabras, some swell rains have greened-up the grass on the Field. While a touch of Wildroot will stop that dandruff, some rain also does things to bald spots,

especially on an airport. And brother did we have bald spots!

But everything's green now, including a new class of kay-dets, who arrived last week for a concentrated course in perfect piloting at the world's greatest and safest primary training school. A likely-looking bunch of lads they are and from early reports they're impersonating the well-known sponge in absorbing instruction.

A welcome is also extended Lillian Kerce, Sidney Baxley, Eli Waler, Bessie Halloway, Evelynna Lemacks, Melvin Keen, and Irma Fitzgerald, new joiner-uppers at the Carlstrom consecration camp; welcome, sisters and brothers, and may all your troubles be piddling ones.

**Red Helmets**

With no thought at all of bragging, we pause to call attention to Tom Davis' crew of ferocious fire-fighters, who, at a practice drill last Saturday, laid two lines to hangar one in three and one-half minutes flat. And they had to cut through a temporary parking lot fence to get at the seat of the trouble, or the bottom of the blaze, or the center of the conflagration, foot of the fire, hiatus of the hot-spot, et cetera. A new red helmet to you, lads.

A pleasant surprise to his many friends on the Field, and to his Instructor, Russ Carleton, was the visit of Lt. Lynn McNulty. Lt. McNulty was a Cadet in Class 43-E here, and is now assigned to Advanced Flight Training as an Instructor at Marianna, Fla. Come see us again, Lynn.

Another most-welcome visitor recently was "Gee-Willie" Tyson, General Manager at Riddle Field. Our Assistant General Manager, genial Bob Bullock, left us this week for a much-needed vacation. Bet he'll come back with some good "fish" stories!

Needless to say, we all enjoyed the visit of "Ye Editor" Wain Fletcher, and her competent assistant Vadah Walker. We hope you can stay longer the next time.

**CARLSTROM BOOKLET IS NOW ON PRESSES**

It's rolling on the presses right now—yes, that Carlstrom Field booklet that we have been anticipating soon will be in circulation.

Charlie Ebbets, Embry-Riddle photographer extraordinary, really has done a magnificent job. A genius with his camera—and an eye for make-up—he has compiled a pictorial momento that the Carlstrom Cadets will own with pride.

With its thirty-two pages of pictures, most of them masterpieces of photographic art, it tells the story of Carlstrom from the flight line, through the "grind" school, physical training, recreation, and on to final retreat and travel orders.

Interspersed with clever cartoons by Arman Williams and a tersely running story, the booklet was edited by Tom Watson, Jr., former Carlstrom Flight Instructor.



## MORE CLATTER FROM CARLSTROM

Entering the Instructor Refresher School during the last week are Clarence Wunder, transferred from the Dorr Maintenance department and Bill Dunn, Carl Dunn's kid brother from Fort Myers. Instructors "taking-on" Cadets during the past week are William McDonald of Miami, Samuel Quincey and James Sapp, both of West Palm Beach.

Congratulations are due Instructor Robert L. Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell—a son.

Promotions—Several enlisted men at Carlstrom received much-deserved promotions during the past week:

Tech. Sgt. John S. Jordan to Master Sgt.  
Cpl. James J. McCourt to Sergeant.  
Cpl. John O'Brien to Sergeant.  
Pfc. Harry N. Ball to Corporal.  
Pfc. John J. Murray to Corporal.  
Pfc. Morris Schwartz to Corporal.  
Pvt. Richard H. Roberts to Corporal.  
Pvt. James F. Downend to Pfc.

\* \* \*

The following story was written by our Canteen Manager, Carl Wallich, and we think it well worth printing:

**TWO SILVER DOLLARS:** They came through the cash register on last Tuesday and Wednesday. Dated 1923, they are as shiny and clean as if they had just come out of the Treasury. The writer could not help but wonder how they came there and why. Perhaps it was like this.

Twenty years ago a boy was born, no doubt in a humble home where a silver dollar represented nearly a half day's wages for the young father. To his parents this boy was the most precious thing in the universe, and father put away a bright new

silver dollar for him, carefully adding a new one each year.

Years passed, the boy grew up and passed through all the familiar stages of boyhood and adolescence. When the great holocaust burst upon this world the father had passed away, and when his country called him the mother was left alone with her memories and her love for her only child.

He passed through the various stages of military training, and being ambitious and filled with desire to advance, he applied for training as Aviation Cadet.

This brings our little essay home to Carlstrom Field. It was his birthday just a few days ago. Mother was wondering what she could send her boy that would, in some measure, remind him of his loved one at home.

She could think of nothing more appropriate than the first two silver dollars his dad had put away for him. So here they are, tokens of that love for our boys that cannot be made to grow dim no matter what the distance may be that separates parents and children.

I bought these two dollars and I am going to send them to my own boy, hoping that he will keep them as good luck charms and that the love which they represent may carry him safely back to us when the dawn of peace again shall light up this old world of ours.

### TALKATIVE

A letter was received by some talkative soldier's sweetheart which had passed through the usual censorship routine in California. Heart all aflutter, the poor gal opened the letter to find a narrow strip of paper on which these words were written: "Your boy friend still loves you but he talks too much." Signed, Censor.

## GEN. H. H. ARNOLD WARNS AGAINST FOE

"This is a smart man's War, being fought against a cunning and intelligent enemy."—General H. H. Arnold.

Recent headlines emphasize the truth of that statement. Our enemy is so cunning, intelligent and ruthless that we can't afford to weaken our own chances by willfully



destroying our resources before they get a chance to work for us. When we wreck and damage airplanes by carelessness and failure to concentrate, we do just that.

"Carelessness" as a cause for accidents is defined as "inattention or lack of mental alertness" and as such is 100 per cent preventable.

Let's take a look at a few of them: (a) Pilot failed to lower landing gear. Came in wheels up; (b) Pilot taxied into parked planes or into planes that were landing or taking off; (c) Pilot failed to land within boundary limits; (d) Pilot failed to shift from one gas tank to another; (e) Pilot performed spins and slow rolls without fastening safety belt—fell out of plane; (f) Pilot failed to cut engine after landing, walked into propeller; (g) Pilot retracted the landing gear while attempting to raise the flaps; (h) Pilot mistakenly used one lever or instrument when he meant to use another.

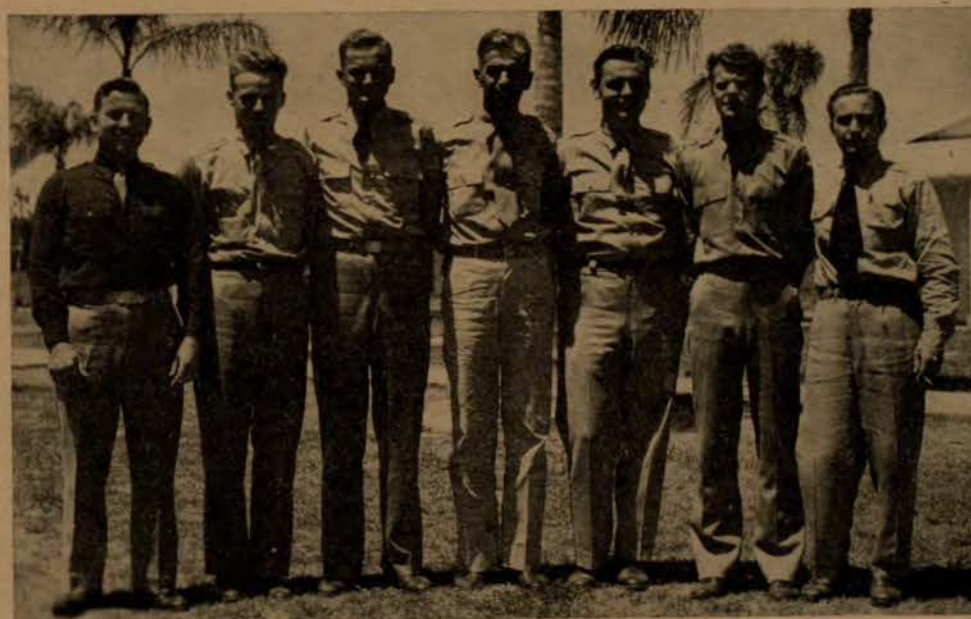
Let's fight this "smart man's War" the "smart" way. Concentrate. Stop these careless accidents. It can be done.

### PASSED BY A JAP CENSOR

An American soldier in a Japanese prison camp sent this letter home:

"We get the best food I've ever eaten. The camp guards are exceptionally decent, intelligent, and solicitous. I want you to tell this to all my friends. Tell them how well I'm being treated. I also want you to tell this to all the boys I soldiered with. And tell it to all those working in defense plants and to the boys in the Navy and Coast Guard, and above all, tell it to the Marines."

### DORR FIELD GROUND SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS



From left to right these "Grind" School Instructors are J. L. Huggins, R. L. Scott, E. L. House, H. R. Hoten, D. W. Willig, G. F. McKay and P. E. Mueller



# UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

Ken Stiverson, Editor

B. C. Humphries, Howard Cooper, Associates

Jimmy Glover, Associate

Frank Haynes, Photographer

The time is getting short and it waits for no man. In fact, if it gets any shorter, Ye Olde Stiversonski will be in the dog house all by his lonesome. So, hold your hats and let the blood fall where it may.



The company bus presents a difficult problem for the employees of Riddle-McKay. It's always Nip and Tuck. Never anything but Nip and Tuck. One time I get on the bus and it's Nip. That very afternoon it is Tuck. It's all very "confoozing." I must be mixed up. Maybe Tuck is on in the morning. If youse guys and gals think I'm nuts, maybe I'd better explain.

It is always Tuck in the morning, for Nip only is around in the afternoon. In other words they are the bus drivers. If I ever find out their full names maybe things will clear up a little. They had these names before they came here, I think. It's just a coincidence, that's what it is.

## Ping Pong

Karl Wilson is willing to take on all comers. Including your correspondent. Kussrow and Bates about break even and then gang up on Boatwright, who is a good player too. Micky and Betty play a close game. I suppose Micky won't admit it tho.

About the neatest player we have seen, possibly with the exception of "Boots"

Frantz and Major Breeding, is T. C. Cottrell, Head of the Grind School. T. C. forces you out of position and then pours on the coal. A sizzling hot smash that you can't even see.

After thought: Why not a Ping Pong Tournament? One for the girls and one for the men.

\* \* \*

The new public address system on the line will speed up operations and save considerable time. There is enough coverage for the whole flight line. In testing the Installation, words could be plainly heard for a distance of three hundred yards from only two of the horns. Under unfavorable conditions too.

We have a new Squadron Dispatcher, Miss Barbara Walker. Barbara will take over Blanche Harris' duties in Squadron Four. (Yes it's squadron now instead of flight.)

Charlie Sullivan, Director of Flying, has secured samples of a new uniform for the girls on the flight line. Blue skirt and blouse with an overseas cap to match. Some stuff. We are happy to report that they like the style very well. Will wonders never cease.

Union City had a test black-out last week. And when I say black, I mean black. As soon as I could turn out the hall light and get out on the front porch every light in our section of town was off. A bomber pilot would have to have an Eveready (unpaid adv.) to find this town. Even the fireflies put on their dimmers.

Speaking of insects reminds me of these Tennessee mosquitoes. 'Tis said that they

are bigger here than in other sections of the country. A tale is told of the two mosquitoes that ate a mule in a farmer's pasture and then pitched mule shoes for the harness.

There is so much business at the Canteen these days that you have to have a police escort to get within hollerin' distance of the counters. But the reward is worth the

## TURNABOUT



Who? Hmml

trouble. Such huge gobs of ice cream and stuff.

We were strolling down the main street of Union City the other p.m. and stopped to admire some pictures of babies in the window of a store. Pasted on the glass was some sort of sign announcing a contest for the prettiest baby, or cutest or something.

Anyhow, to get to the point, we decided that the most attractive was a cute little tyke's likeness close to the front of the window. Getting nearer we saw the name in fine print—none other than Irv Kussrow's son and heir. Then moving around to the side we saw another picture, just as cute as the first, and this one . . . Buster Humphries' little boy.

\* \* \*

George Lobdell, Head of the Accounting department, came to visit the Time department and stopped to look the flight line over. George wondered how anyone could work with so much noise. That isn't noise, George—it's the wheels of industry grinding. Or maybe this typewriter.

So many refreshers have passed their final Army Checks that we haven't bought a coke in Operations for a week. They bring 'em in by the case. I keep an opener handy

## THE FAIR SIDE OF THE FLIGHT LINE



Femme Dispatchers at Embry-Riddle Field in Union City. From left to right: Blanche Harris, Louise Cashion, Helen Whitehurst, Virginia Roper and Elyse Darnell.



all the time. Welcome fellows, and how about some Carona Caronas.

Pvt. Voeglie of the Post Hospital has an ardent admirer. She scrambles for the seat by him every morning. He doesn't seem to mind. And who can blame him.

## COOPERATION

by Pfc. Herbert Major Brown  
Graduate of 17-43-A

*The pilot grinned in his plane that nite  
On his way to Tokyo.  
He looked around at his fellow men  
And his eyes began to glow.  
"Hey Jim," he said, "can you hear her hum?  
That tune's not just for me  
But for the mechanic who babied her  
And Embry-Riddle and me."*

*Back home sat a man in the hangar,  
From 17-43.  
He had a look in his eyes that spelt  
Trouble for old Germany  
For hours he'd worked on his "baby,"  
Checked her for every mistake  
And watched her as she took to the air  
With a lump in his throat and an ache.*

*Objective reached at last  
And the pilot nodded his head  
And while the bombs were on their way  
He grinned to himself and said:  
"Tojo here's your present,  
A partial payment you see,  
From the mechanic who cares for our 'baby'  
And Embry-Riddle and me."*



by Pat Grant

Wal, hail and weigh anchor, mates, as we cast off for another week's sailing on the SS Fly Paper. There should be a law or something making the week longer to give me time to collect me wits. But making the best of a bad situation let us have a quick look into the port hole of the week's doings here at the Base.



Laugh of the week—is on Clifton Pawley. Clif broke his chronograph some time ago and being "sans" watch takes a regulation size alarm clock along with him on his flights. He says, "It bounces around quite a bit back there, but it works swell." When he does spins, stalls and the like, said time piece is lashed securely to the front seat and ticks complacently on throughout the usual gyrations. To date the lil' alarm has clocked some 12 hours of flying time—I

believe now in all sincerity that I have seen *everything*.

And if you are in the mood for novel experiences, have you ever walked across the MacArthur Causeway? . . . There you will find before you an array of peoples from all walks of life . . . little people in big dresses, big people in little dresses and some people hardly dressed . . . each with his or her particular type of fishing equipment which ranges from expensive casting rods to nature's own cane pole.

### Flapping Snapper

If you are quick and agile you may make the trek from one *no fishing* sign to another without mishap, but if you are the slow deliberate type you may receive full benefit of a flapping Snapper right in the "moosh" . . . I know, I tried it . . . or a fish hook in that spot which was created solely for sitting down purposes.

Commando tactics come in handy on the sidewalks of this noteworthy Causeway, for here one employs the side-stepping technique in not always successful attempts to avoid flapping fishes, crawling shrimps and over-ripe mullet for baiting purposes. I have never made the trip yet without being forcefully stopped by some enthusiast who waves a slimy, ill-smelling ex-inhabitant of the deep under my nose so that I can say, "My, what a lovely fish," and strive to maintain my balance while wafting that un-good aroma.

### Dunking

We have had a very successful week in the dunking department . . . ruffling those ever famous White Caps were wee Virginia Foster, Lt. Nicholl and Lt. (Twiggy) Branch . . . The "woim toined" on Ensign Slayton who gave herself a surprise ducking when she forgot to let go after helping to throw Lt. (Twig) in . . . After watching all these proceedings Billie Todd was heard to say, "I could solo now, why I could fly that thing all around . . . but I just like the company."

We've got a friendly grin and hi ya for new Instructors Art Robertson and Emmit Brown. And now it looks as if I'd better batten down the hatches and lash her tightly until next week when I pray that I shall again escape that awful fate, the Dog House.

An aviator, just back from Pacific battles, was telling his girl all about one engagement. "I had flown three miles over the enemy lines when I found that my motor was missing."

Said the wide-eyed girl friend, "Gosh, how could you fly so far without an engine?"







Jack Hopkins, Editor

Nelva Purdon, Ralph Thyng, G. W. Morse, Jerry Greenberger, Bob Ahern, Pat McGehee, Mary Brink, Bob Fowler, Harold Curtis, Louise Roath, Peter Hardware, Kenneth Bourne, John Egley, Larry Lillis, Kenneth Bourne, John Egley, Kenneth Fisher, Associate Editors.

Monday, June 14, is the date for the re-opening of the recently enlarged and re-decorated Canteen, and an extra special lunch will be served to celebrate the day. The interior of the Canteen has just about been tripled in size and the waitresses and other help now will be able to give the service they've always wanted to render.



Mrs. Helen Welsh, who is Manager of the Canteen, has a force including Leola Jacobs, Assistant Manager; Ruth Blount, Ruby Davis, Cashiers; Rosalie Allen, Norma Brown, Margaret Fort, Anna Lou Poole, Ruby Roberts, Louise Taylor, Lou Trice, Faith Harris, Waitresses; Rebecca Dupree, Trollie Redish, Emma Wynn, Cooks; Gennie May Jackson, Hattie Wainwright, and the faithful porter, Eddie Perkins.

We want to thank you folks for the good job you did in your old home, and we know you can do an even better job in your new Canteen.

#### Softball

The RAF softball team and the Maintenance ten battled to a 2-2 tie last week in a game that was called at the fifth because of rain. The Maintenance crew scored once in the top half of the sixth, but since the complete inning was not played, the final score reverted back to the end of the fifth.

Marked improvement was noted in the RAF play. Bright at short, and Cox and Pocock in the outfield all did well in their first attempts at the game.

Games on tap this week include both the RAF and AAF teams against the Mechanics and possibly Clewiston High School.

#### Tennis

Entries in the singles and doubles tournaments have been completed and the drawings have been made. These pairings may be seen in the office of the PTI Sergeant, and it should be remembered that all singles matches (first round) must be played on or before Wednesday, June 23.

A Tennis Challenge—The Riddle Field tennis team hereby challenges any of the other Fields or any Army camps in the near vicinity to a tennis match, either to be played here or at the challenging Field. If interested (especially Carlstrom and Dorr)

contact PTI Sergeant Moyes, Riddle Field, Clewiston.

Special Tennis Competition—As soon as is possible, an intraflight tennis competition will be held and the winning Flight will be presented with a trophy by Wing Commander George Greaves. (Besides winning in the doubles championship, W/C Greaves also annexed the singles tennis championship by trimming S/L Hill 6-4, 6-2.)

#### Swimming Meet

The third Riddle Field swimming meet will be held this coming Wednesday afternoon, June 16, at 2:30 p.m. Events to be included on the program are: 50-yd. back stroke, 50-yd. breast stroke, 50-yd. free style, fancy diving, 100-yd. medley relay, officer's race, flying suit relay, egg and spoon race, water pole, free style relay and plunge.

PTI Sergeant Moyes announced that the competition would be among squadrons and that the Riddle-McKay swimming cup will be presented to the winner.

Cricket Pitch—Concrete areas have been laid on the athletic field, which, with the aid of matting, will suffice for a cricket pitch. All of the necessary equipment for the game is already here, so cricket games will be started very soon now.

#### Here and There

Another of the Instructor-Co-Pilot "get-togethers" was held last Sunday evening at the Instructor's Club.

Instructor Lawrence DeMarco acted as chef at a steak dinner (yes, steak) with all the trimmings, while the Co-Pilots served the meal.

Plans are being made to have a social meeting of the two clubs every Sunday evening, and when these arrangements have

been completely formulated announcement will be made by both the organizations.

Several of the Army Air Corps staff located here have recently received promotions. These include a Technical Sergeant rating for Bob LaFlower; Buck Sergeant rating for George E. Horanic; Private first class stripe for Edward R. Kowanzel; Corporal ratings for Morris Parris and John J. Schoenherr.

F/Sgt. Kennard has succeeded Sgt. Elwell as Armaments Instructor on the Ground School staff.

Advanced Instructor and Mrs. John D. Darby announce the birth of a 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. daughter, Dorothy Dade, on May 6. Congratulations! (May 6—why that's over a month ago. Oh, well, you know the old saying—).

Cadet Kenneth Fisher of Course 15 has volunteered to help us as an Associate Editor for his Flight and will begin with some gen next week.

#### RAF CADET OFFICER



Senior Cadet Under Officer Cyril Oettinger, Course 13

A few of the Instructors and Cadets enjoyed being off duty the past week-end and took a "breather" to many of the surrounding cities—Miami, Palm Beach and Daytona bearing the brunt of the attack.

Inspecting the Field last week were Group Captain Hogan of the RAF delegation in Washington, John Paul Riddle and Capt. Len Povey.

According to a dispatch in a Miami newspaper last week, Flight Officer William A. Watkins, U.S.A. Eight Air Force, was awarded an RAF Medallion by W/C A. C. Pritchard in recognition of his previous service with the Royal Air Force.

#### Interned

Watkins will be remembered as having graduated with Course 6 here at No. 5 BFTS and who recently was interned in Spain after being forced down there.

New in the Operations office is Annette Maples. Catherine Minges, who has been RAF secretary for the past 20 months, left this week for her home in Cincinnati. Katie had been here longer than any of the present RAF officers stationed here and was a

#### LINK INSTRUCTION



"Well, she went into a spin at 40,000 feet and I couldn't pull her out of it!" —by Bill Bruce



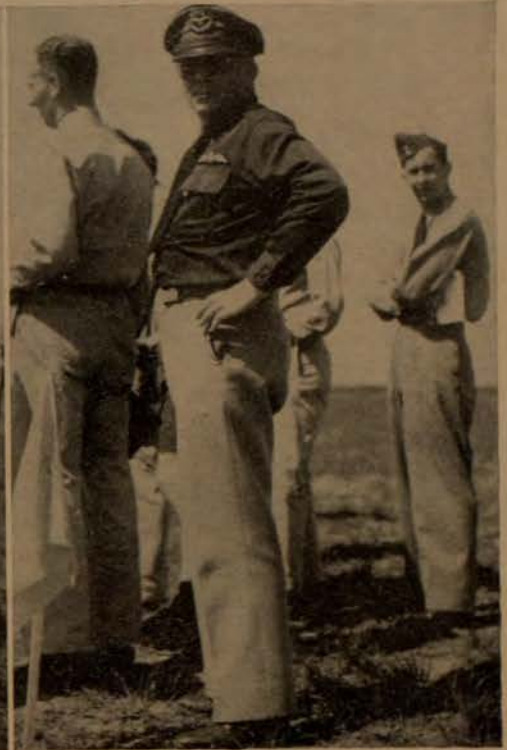
## RIDDLE FIELD PERSONALITIES



Joe Obermeyer, head of the Link department, and Flight Lieutenant Nickerson



Flight Lieutenant Reinhart and Captain Persinger



PT Sergeant Moyes with his back to the camera, Director of Flying Hunziker and Flight Officer Keetch

very important part in the RAF office activities. The best of luck to you, Catherine.

F/L Trewin has come from the RAF delegation in Washington to succeed F/L Reinhart as Navigation Officer at this Field.

## COURSE 14

Course 14 has just finished a strenuous period of night flying and ground examinations. The boys were only shells of their former selves, their sleeping hours having been filled with nightmares of the Armaments Sergeant chasing them with an ideal bomb sight. However, a long week-end put them back in trim, their shouts being heard from Winter Have to Miami and from such distant places as Daytona.

### Hoppy Tears Hair

Last Thursday evening we again tried our hand at softball, meeting the Mechanics on the Field here, but the rain interfered at the end of the 5th inning with the score at 2-2. The Course team showed great improvement, mainly in the outfield where some good flies were caught by Pocock, Holland and Cox. Our new short-stop, Johnny Bright, picked up and threw some good balls. In fact, Coach Hopkins was mighty pleased at the showing, even if he did tear his hair once or twice. We are still open to all challenges.

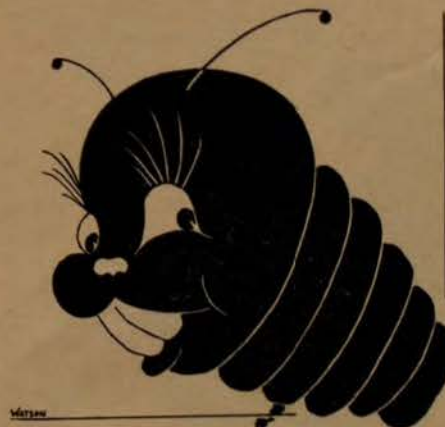
This week we said goodbye to our Primary Instructors, who breathed deep sighs of relief, wiped away a few persistent tears, stroking their few remaining gray hairs,

shook us by the hand and offered us prayers for our our next Instructors. Cadets may come and Cadets may go, but Instructors go on forever. Kidding aside, we sincerely thank them for their patience and good humor in their efforts to teach us the mysteries of the flying machine. Once again, thanks.

Whilst we are in a hearty mood, we wish to welcome Course 15 to our ranks, and we commend them to the tender mercies of their Instructors, and let them know we share their opinions of Link too.

### One Year Ago

Desmond Leslie, assisted by John Gilbert, Bill Heaton and Ralph Orman publish Course Five Listening Out, doing a very excellent job . . . Editor Belland of the Fly



*I'll have another 'chute spun for George by July — if I ain't the waim the early boid gits!*

Paper visits Riddle Field . . . Carl Ziler is a new Link Instructor . . . Assistant General Manager and Mrs. Durdin announce the birth of a son, as do Flight Commander and Mrs. "Gunner" Brink . . . Mickey Lightholder and Betty Hair are married.

### Nonsense

A doting young girl stopped a young RAF flyer at the Inn the other night. "I think it's perfectly wonderful," she gushed, "that you fly up into the air to die for your country!" "The heck I do, Ma'am," said our hero. "I go up to make some other fellow die for his."

A soldier, after ten years in the Army, went out with the comfortable fortune of \$100,000.00. He amassed this large sum through the careful investment of his savings, through courage, enterprise, initiative, faithfulness and the death of an uncle who left him \$99,000.00.

### DORR

*Continued from Page 1*

Pfc. to Cpl. Evans, Pfc. to Cpl. Reed, Pfc. to Cpl. Bond. Congratulations, fellows.

Welcome to Lt. Farmer, new Flight Officer, who arrived the latter part of last week.

Tol'ably yours,

Jack

P.S.—Tom "Halo" Davis asked us to ask Doug Hocker something. Huh — does he want us to get our block knocked off? We wouldn't ask him that over a telephone — might have to use the telephone again.



# COLONNADE CANNONADE

by Maxine Hurtt

It's me again . . . ain't it awful? But I'll give you all (there goes that Texas in me again . . . how long does it take to become a dyed in the wool Miamian?) fair warning. So, all who wish to can turn to the next page . . . but don't all of you do that, 'cause with the able assistance of only one small iron pipe I've managed to gather a few items of interest.

The Records office has been in quite a dither the past few days . . . what with Gertrude Bohres receiving three letters from husband Jake, who has been chasing Rommel, after a silence of several weeks . . . and Sara Joyner getting ready for that week-end with husband "Tab," who also is in the Army and is stationed in Tallahassee.

Ann Park can't wait for night to fall, because she's all wrapped up in those Spanish lessons! Guillermo Colominas, an ex-Embry-Riddle student, now working at Chapman Field is the Tutor.

## More Romance

Pretty Frances Wiest certainly made a hit on her recent jaunt to Carlstrom Field! She spent this past week-end entertaining a very handsome young Cadet whom she met at the dance, namely Clayton McPhail . . . and from the looks of the sun-tan Frances is sporting, a goodly part of it was spent on the beach!

Was that the glare from the sun . . . or was Aileen Smith's face just a shade on the reddish side the other day when Frances told her that Navy Lt. "Bob" Davenport had left word for her to call him?

New faces are showing up thick and fast around the Colonnade these days, and while we are introducing them . . . we would also like to take this opportunity to welcome them!

In Glen Kuhl's Insurance office we introduce Emma Carnevale and Evelyn Arnold, who replace Pauline Simmons and Marjorie Howie . . . and what with both of these sorrel-tops leaving, that kinda' leaves me and my carrot-top the only one in captivity on the first floor.

## New Faces

And up those steps again . . . they really beat us to the draw this time, having five new faces to look at . . . the Accounting department boasting Elizabeth Schacht, Carlos F. Otto and Henry C. Magill . . . while in Auditing are two pretty young things starting to do their bit for the War effort are Mary Elizabeth Peterson and Eva Landers . . . My, this really is a busy place these days!

We are all delighted to see that pretty little smiling Minnie Cassel back at her place at the switchboard . . . by orders from her doctor Minnie was forced to take a week off, but says she's feeling "fit as a fiddle" now, which is mighty good news!

Madge Kessler has returned from Ohio . . . and we are all glad to hear that her sister is better . . . also hope that her yen for Cincinnati has been satisfied now. She ran into Betty Prinzel, who sent messages of Hello to everyone at the Colonnade . . . after all her rushing to get home her husband's leave was cancelled . . . so instead of getting to see him, she had to be satisfied in going to work for the Army there. Betty says that she would surely like to come back to work for "dear old Embry-Riddle" someday, and I'm sure we would all like to have her.

And while on the subject of former Colonnade lovelies . . . member that pretty June McGill? She writes us from Long

Beach, Calif., where she and her handsome Marine Captain are stationed, that she is rapidly getting to be another California booster. She also claims that she is no longer scared stiff at the sight of a cook stove . . . which pleases us no end, except we are hoping that she doesn't forget Miami altogether!

Now for a double sixty-four dollar question . . . Why wouldn't Mr. Graves, our Safety Engineer, give me any dope on his recent trip? And please tell me why all the evading from my very evasive boss Charlie Ebbets and Personnel Manager Emmitt Varney? They tell me they were out of town over the week-end, but each wants the other to supply the details . . . say they don't want to make everyone jealous!

I guess that's my reward for being nosey though . . . but anyone knowing the details . . . I'll take a new "mug" of you if you'll let me in on the secret! And I think that's fair enough! Bye now!

# Wing Flutter

AIRCRAFT OVERHAUL, MIAMI

by Otto Hempel, Jr.

We change columnists so fast in Aircraft Overhaul that everyone feels like one of a group at a banquet where he may be called upon to make a speech. "Golly, maybe the next one'll be me." To quote from an ad of some years back, "Speechless when a few words would have made me"—our friends tell us that when that day comes it will be because the whole world is stricken dumb.

Someone found out, we don't know how, that we had some idle time from 2:00 a.m. to 3:00 a.m. so very sweetly we were asked, "Would you like to do us a favor, please?" That was the instant for us to rub the wishing ring and ask to be any place but there, instead with true northern chivalry and generosity, (and not seeing a chance to get out of it) we agreed and here we are.

Seriously, with the amount of work we have to do and the way everyone knuckles down to do it, it is hard to find a moment to acquire information as to what and why and how. We have a new system aborning that we think will help. More proof of that later.

One thing we have decided is that the War is making us a better travelled nation.

Here in our shop we have discovered men and women who have lived in, worked in, or visited Africa, Europe, West Indian islands, Central and South America and Panama. We discovered sometime back, much to our chagrin and embarrassment, that Panama isn't part of either Central or South America, or so they claim.

When we complete our investigations, we hope to list for you all countries and continents with which our people are familiar. We can then claim for ourselves a certificate or something like the Radio



A bona-fide B-17 drawn by Mickey Lightholder, Embry-Riddle Field's Staff Artist



Hams "W.A.C." (worked all continents). Along this same line, we are endeavoring to discover the birth states of our workers and see how close to the 48 we can come. We will report on this from time to time in future columns.

After many changes here and new faces seen about, we are about settled and personalities are making themselves more evident. Before we just saw people and faces, now we can look for those little things under the surface which make life so enjoyable.

We have always wondered how so small a spot, relatively remote from most of the working sections, can fill up so quickly especially when no running is allowed—we speak of the time clock aisle at punching out time.

#### Jim Jam

We never could understand how the parts of an airplane could have so many different names. It all depends on the section of the country from which you come, the companies you have worked for, the way the part looks to the individual, and we guess the phases of the moon and the height of the tide. Someone should write a book.

We are asked what a jim jam is, and when we get slack-jawed and glassy-eyed and are led by the hand and shown, we find that all our life we have called it a gew gaw and that we knew what it was all the time. Our faith returns, the sun comes out, the birds sing, romance again, and we blame it all on this Aircraft business.

We had about decided we were seeing new people in the stock room each day and then after much deliberation, and pleasant deliberation it was too, we decided that it was one girl and a changeable hair-do. Can't decide which is more becoming, so I guess we'll take it as it comes.

#### A Parting Word

Well, for this morning the spare hour is up, it is now 3 a.m. so will off to sleep and prepare for the morrow's hard, hard labor. One pilot, whose initials by the way resemble those on our new inspection stamp, please note.

A parting word to you boys and girls, you had better contribute enough news to fill the column or I will dig it out for myself and let the chips fall where they may.

### MODEL ENGINE



Bill Ehne of Engine Overhaul demonstrates his four cylinder, four cycle motor



by Gladys Goff

Drastic snipping and slashing was done to this so-called column last week, so we'll continue from somewhere back at the last turn.



Captain Stanley was the hero of the week with the prize boner of Memorial Day. When the bell rang for Memorial Day services outside, Captain Stanley went out and ate his lunch, thinking it was lunchtime. Do you think

the kidding he got from the fellows disturbed his Maine poise? No, suh.

Mr. Horton, Lieutenant Bacon and "none other than" Mr. Grafflin hopped up to Warner Robins this week, leaving this place as arid as a desert waste. We do hope Mr. Grafflin won't disgrace us by asking for a stewardess on the Stinson.

It is interesting to note the various reactions to this "gabble" each week. We wonder how many of the other writers have the Fly Paper sent to the home folks, who, we can assure you, are as critical as the best of them. Any constructive criticism, however, receives a warm welcome and careful consideration.

There is a picture of our witty, well liked Superintendent, William "Bill" Ehne, in this issue with two of the miniature engines that he has made.

For a small fee, one may enter the sacred portals of the Propeller department after working hours and persuade Earl and Charlie to run Bill Ehne's miniature motor. This little engine is not the one we described several columns back. This one is a 4-cylinder 4-cycle engine and Bill made it in 1910.

Perhaps that won't astonish you so much unless you realize that there were no small 4-cycle engines at that time. Bill and a couple of associates made five small engines during that year (spare time, of course), having to make all the parts by hand. "It was heart-breaking work," says Bill.

About the small 4-cycle engine: It has an overhead valving system (really unusual for its time) and it is water-cooled with a piston-type water pump that circulates the water around the cylinders. This little engine will operate for eight hours in a stretch, according to Bill.

It fits into a 3-foot-long boat and has water-jacketed cylinder and exhaust manifold. It will move the boat, which is a very swanky affair, complete with seats, steering wheel, mahogany decks, windshield, and horn, at about 10 miles an hour.

### THE VALUE OF A SMILE

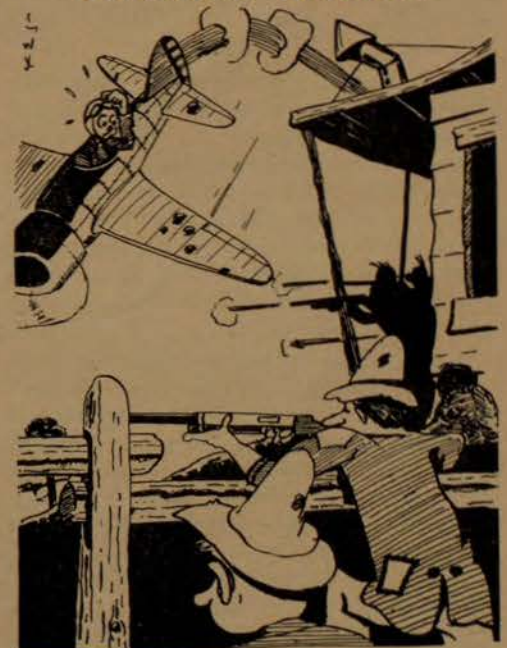
by Joseph I. Baum, Sr., Engine Overhaul

*The thing that goes the farthest,  
Toward making life worth while,  
That costs the least and does the most,  
Is just a pleasant smile.*

*The smile that bubbles from a heart,  
That loves its fellow man,  
Will drive away the clouds of gloom,  
And coax the sun again.*

*It is full of worth and goodness too,  
With genial kindness blent,  
It is worth a million dollars,  
And it doesn't cost a cent.*

### TENNESSEE TROUBLES



*Whew! For a minute I thought they  
was shootin' at me!*

by Mickey Lightholder, Union City



# TECH TALK

by L. G. Barker, *Military Aircraft*

Recently the tale of adventures of one of the Hydraulic Instructors passed through the Aircraft department. It would make the wildest fiction look tame. After hearing it I decided that it was high time that we find out a little more about some of our co-workers, and here is what came out of asking a few questions.

Charming Helen Stanwyck, our projectionist, who spends each day showing the same old technical movies with never so much as a word of complaint, is an ex dancer. Her hobbies include such diversified matter as swimming, bowling, bicycling, photography and Latin music. She is 5 ft. 6 in. tall and is single.

## Versatile

Gordon Dickens, combination Hydraulics Instructor and chicken rancher, hails from P.A.A.F. school. Prior to his teaching career, Dick was a Linde Air Products man, having spent many years with that company. A gallant plugger, Dick came through the whole of the I and M course with nary a blemish and now pours forth his words in the peaceful quiet of Depot Overhaul Hydraulics.

Let no man dispute Army life with R. B. Libby, another member of our Hydraulics family. Seventeen years a Miami real estate dealer, Mr. Libby served many years with the Army, both here and on foreign soil, as a Captain. He was one of the earliest Officers and one of the first Instructors in Army Ordnance service school.

A. E. Larcada (Grandpa to us) is a man whose history contains considerable travel. His career as a civil engineer includes twenty-four years in Cuba as chief field engineer of the Central Asuncion Compania Azucarera.

## Sportsman

More familiar to baseball enthusiasts and sporting fans about the school is Sandy Saunders, whose noteworthy past includes five years at cattle speculation, three years as an industrial time study engineer, and ten years of transportation service operation. In his spare time Sandy has played professional baseball, basketball and football. Woe unto him who challenges him to a duel of badminton.

Getting back to more pleasant subjects (due apologies to Mr. Saunders) we can't forget little "Prudence" Meyers, general rememberer upper for the whole Aircraft department. Just twenty-one years old, likes to dance, sweet, kindly, nice disposition, fond of children, good cook, handy around a farm and single. What more do you want?

While Joe Murray is on his vacation, Male Slocum, late of Sheet Metal, is acting as Chief of the Aircraft department. He has his hands full but is doing a grand job. Ever obliging, Male is highly thought of in these parts. Upon Mr. Murray's return, Mr. Slocum is scheduled for final assembly.

We have taken a little ribbing over our claims as originators of culinary delights down our way, but let me offer the following recipe as proof of our inventive genius. This was entirely originated in the Aircraft department by male Instructors. It is called Pot Roast a la Hand Pump. The quantities herein serve three:

One pound of pot roast.  
Three medium new potatoes.  
One green pepper.  
One beet.  
Three small Bermuda onions.  
One bunch celery.  
Two large ripe tomatoes.  
Catsup.  
Worcestershire sauce.  
Clove of garlic.  
Vinegar.  
One cup claret wine.  
Salt and pepper.  
Two tablespoons olive oil.  
One bunch scallions.  
One-half teaspoonful hot sauce.

Place olive oil in small roaster. Fry the garlic in the oil for four minutes. Remove garlic and place roast in pot and brown. Add salt and pepper. When roast is well browned, lower the fire to a simmer and place thin slices of tomato around the roast. Lay peeled potatoes around roast.

Slice three quarters of celery into one inch pieces and add. Add peeled Bermuda onions. Salt and pepper again and dust with flour. Place lid on pot and let simmer for 20 minutes. Add claret wine.

## BUY BONDS

Edwin R. Greenfield, former Supervisor of the Coliseum, has been transferred to the Tech School as assistant to Willard R. Burton in the present Bond Drive.

Aiming to boost Bond sales at Tech, Mr. Burton and Mr. Greenfield are giving a series of "pep talks" to the various departments. Lend an ear, lend your money, BUY BONDS!

While the above cooks mix the following sauce: Dice balance of celery and pepper and scallions into fine pieces. Add one-half teaspoonful hot sauce. Add one cup catsup and one teaspoonful of flour. Add one-fourth teaspoonful vinegar and two teaspoonsful worcestershire sauce.

When potatoes are done, remove roast, celery and onions from pot and add the above sauce, letting simmer for five minutes. When serving, pour sauce over each serving of meat. It makes a wonderful dinner and requires very few points.

## Traveler

To get back to our friends, let us have a word about Willard Hubbell, who has been a general contractor in Miami for nineteen years. At present he is now on leave from the South Florida Children's Hospital, at which he serves as executive secretary.

He was in the thirty-third machine gun battalion in World War I and has attended schools in Madrid, Spain; Paris, France; Hampstead, England; Petersfield, Hants, England; Chicago and New York. He is a Cornell graduate, a bee fancier and has had

## OFFICIAL FLY PAPER "DOG HOUSE"



There goes Vadah, ousting poor Bosco, all on account of getting childish! Yes, our assistant editor is temporarily out of circulation, and we don't want her back until we're sure WE won't catch it!



## MAINTENANCE DEPARTMENT CREW AND HEAD OF TRANSPORTATION AT TECH



Members of the Maintenance department crew pictured above are: left to right, standing; R. E. Sinclair, William Duck, Charles Himmelbaugh, Albert Bryant, Herman Barrow, Charles Outler, George Dahler, August Conzelman, Jesse Martin and Dewey Johnson. Left to right, seated, Claude Robertson, Gates McCann, E. B. Holden, Supervisor of Building Maintenance, Frank Marshall, Foreman, Calvin Claar and Ernest Anderson. Men of the crew not present are: George Hope, Fred Varner, Walter Bryant, Ernest Riggs, Maurice Blair and Tom Dillman. At the right, Myllion Webster, head of the Transportation department, inspects a station wagon door which has been built by the woodworking crew.

considerable flight experience, having flown to such places as Jamaica, Haiti, Cuba, Mexico and Yucatan.

We had an unexpected surprise the other day when Col. Richard E. Dugan payed a personal visit to Mr. Hubbell. The Colonel seemed to enjoy his visit very much and was very interested in the Aircraft department. We all look forward to another visit soon, Colonel.

## NEW BOOKS AT TECH

Technical Handbook, by Lang.  
Elements of Radio, by Marcus.  
Modern Plywood, by Perry.  
The Cathode-ray Tube at Work, by Rider.  
Servicing Superheterodynes, by Rider.  
Plastics for Industrial Use, by Sasso.  
Camouflage Simplified, by Sloane.  
Clouds, Air and Wind, by Sloane.  
Graphic Graflex Photography, by Morgan and Lester.  
Modern Radio Servicing, by Ghirardi.  
Mein Kampf, by Hitler.  
Alaska Under Arms, by Potter.  
Radio Trouble-Shooters Handbook, by Grierardi.  
Speech Is Easy, by Reager and McMahon.  
So To Speak, by Hesse.  
Going to Make a Speech? by Lewis.  
Elmer Wheeler's Tested Public Speaking, by Wheeler.  
Fundamentals of Speech, by Woolbert.  
Public Speaking and Influencing Men in Business, by Carnegie.  
Handbook of Public Speaking, by Dolman.  
Your Voice Personality, by Osborn.  
Public Speaking, by Winans.  
Public Speaking—As Listeners Like It, by Borden.

## UTILITY DEPARTMENT IS OUTSTANDING IN ACCOMPLISHMENTS

The Utility department of the Embry-Riddle Company in the Miami area has received little, if any, publicity for the splendid work which it has done in the past. This department is headed by E. B. Holden who acts as Supervisor, assisted by Frank Marshall in the capacity of Carpenter Foreman.

### Special Equipment

Among the many functions of the department is the efficient operation of the Carpenter Shop where the numerous requests for Job Orders pertaining to the building of special items of furniture and equipment are filled.

Outstanding accomplishments of the department were the building of the sixth and seventh floor Executive offices at the Tech School building. It also built the new offices in the north end of the main floor and recently rebuilt the Tech School Canteen, Kitchen, and Military Cafeteria, including all tables and fixtures.

### Remodeling

Practically all reconditioning of Tech School Mess Halls No. 2 and 3 was done by the Utility department, as well as the renovating and remodeling of the Colonade building and the other buildings used by the Embry-Riddle operations in the greater Miami area.

Many new and useful innovations which increased the efficiency of the new Tech School Canteen and Kitchen were designed by E. B. Holden and were built in the Car-

penter Shop under his supervision, and a large part of the special furniture and fixtures built in the Carpenter Shop for the various Embry-Riddle departments were designed by him.

## MORE NEWS OF TECH

We were glad to note that the grey shirts of the Instructors are no longer compulsory—the cool crispness of white sport shirts seem more appropriate for the hot summer months, and all the men are delighted with new order.

There was almost a grass fire in George Wheeler's office on Tuesday when Gene Bryan turned on the air-conditioner. Strange odors and warm air blew out from the machine, so an immediate investigation took place.

Inside the conditioner was found a lovely bird's nest, grass and feathers, cozily harboring five lovely little eggs. Gene was certain the poor little things were hard cooked, but no one had the nerve to break one open.

## THAT TENNIS RACQUET

Have you an old tennis racquet? If you have, how's about sending it to Lt. Jennings at Dorr Field? There are many tennis enthusiasts among the Cadets and far from enough racquets for good play.

Ones with strings would be appreciated, but a good frame could be restrung. Just address your contribution to Lt. Jennings, Dorr Field, Arcadia, Florida.



# Pfc. Ray Siccone Stars In Army Boxing Bout

The brightest fistic star in Lt. Martin Meyer's "Fighting Fitness" program and current boxing tournament, which had its inception one month ago, was brought out in last Friday evening's weekly show in the person of Pfc. Ray Siccone.

With very little to show in the way of pre-service ring experience, he blossomed forth as the first tournament winner. He was awarded a pair of inscribed boxing shoes, the like of which will go to each fighter winning three bouts while attending the Embry-Riddle School of Aviation.

## Sunday Punch

A sultan of swat, Siccone blasted his way to three straight wins with one TKO and two clear-cut decision victories. With a Sunday punch in both hands, a fine physique and an aggressive fighting manner, the former U. of Maryland student owns the raw material of which great fighters are made.

Some of the ring-wise who have been watching all of Siccone's legal acts of mayhem were greatly impressed with the way he trounced the cagey, experienced and scrappy fighter from Tech, Mike Benjamin.

Benjamin started the round by peppering his opponent with neatly timed left jabs, then scoring repeatedly to the body and head with hooks and straight righthanded blows that had Siccone on the bewildered side.

At the close of the first round, Siccone in a do or die attack, and to the continuous shouts and cheers of the rabid boxing fans, connected with a terrific right hand to the jaw. It was a bit off of the button but nevertheless dropped Benjamin to the canvas and almost finished the torrid proceedings. At the count of nine Benjamin got up and

being on groggy side finished the few remaining seconds tying up Siccone in the clinches.

In the second round Siccone came out to end the fight for keeps and let go with a whirlpool of leather clouts. The already tired and dazed Benjamin almost got into very serious trouble, and only his boxing experience and effective tying up of Siccone when in close saved him from taking a beating and being knocked out.

At the end of the two round bout both middleweight fighters were enthusiastically acclaimed for their great battle.

The anti-climax bout of the night saw an encore between two very pleasing lightweight scrappers in William Severson from Tech, who last week lost a hairline decision to his evening opponent from the Gables, and John Prucnal.

Severson came out at the start of the first round in an avenging mood of leather that forced even Prucnal to constantly retreat and cover up. When Severson's tornado subsided, Prucnal started one of his own when he swarmed all over his opponent and connected with a hard right to the face that staggered Severson and caused him to clinch with the bell ending the round.

In the second heat Prucnal elected to become a boxer. This proved his undoing as the aggressive Severson disregarded his opponent's blows and got in several uppercuts and body punches that swayed the judges to cast a two to one verdict in Severson's favor.

## Blows and Blows

Another limelighter fight was between the former Army champ, George Moran, and Russell Hasting. Moran's win was not the easy one that he has been accustomed to out here as he found the rapidly improving Hasting difficult to handle. Only Moran's damaging heart blows and counters to the head in the second round earned Tech another win. Both weighed 150 pounds.

Bill Wheaton's handy win over his lightweight opponent, Hoffman, earned Lt. Meyer's boys a draw with Lt. Moch's squad from Tech.

Wheaton's crouching style and sudden attacks were too puzzling for Hoffman to solve in the two round bout, so Wheaton earned the unanimous verdict of the judges.

In the first round of a match between two Gables soldiers, Bill Agnew staved off Armstrong's two handed attack and more than evened matters in the second with his left hooks to the body and rights to the head. The nod went to the middleweight fighter Agnew.

The officials of the evening were James L. Brant and James Foley, Judges; H. B. Sayner, Timer and Knock Down Judge; Sid Karam, Referee.

## TECH SCHOOL SOFTBALL

"Pop" Ryan's Riddle Rippers (Class 23-43-E) inaugurated their softball season with a 14 to 0 triumph over the highly touted Y.M.C.A. Sparkplugs. After a tight 3-inning duel, the Rippers went on a rampage to score 5 runs in both the 7th and 8th innings to start a rout. Long range hitting by Ruddy-Ryan and Rutt marked the Ripper's attack. While outstanding backstop work by Jack Quinn helped them tremendously.

## WIERD COLORS ADORN B-34

by Mary Frances Dressing

Instructress in Military Aircraft

Class 17-43-E definitely has an individualist who has attempted to leave a permanent monument at Embry-Riddle in the manner in which he has turned the dull coloring of the famous "Venturi" (B34) into peacock plumage.

Since he occasionally bumped his "noggin" on the pilot tube, he chose a bright fire-engine red for that obnoxious protuberance.

The bomb-bay doors that he so ferociously hammered and pounded into shape less than ten days ago he caressingly coated in baby blue.

A touch here, a dab there, and the artist in Pfc. Robert Lovin revelled in his job. No one has been allowed to touch the paint can—not even to assist in the mixture of the weird color he calls brown (made from black and red).

The last few minutes in Final Assembly he allowed a privileged character, Pfc. De Long, to dabble while he stood guard in barracks. We will remember you, Sir, for the gay touch you have added to our "line." Thank you.

## PAGING RIPLEY

Ever hear of mocking birds laying limes? Well, can be! Ask Leon Sokol from New York, who declared he saw it happen. In fact he brought in the lime as evidence for Milton Rutenberg to look at.

He really was amazed at the whole performance as you could tell that from his expression. He insisted on Milt's taking a looksee, and sure enough there under the lime tree was a mocking bird scratching about on the ground under the little limes that had fallen.

It took this studious young man some time to be convinced that she was simply stretching her wings after a long vigil on her nest and that her gymnastics were not caused by the laying of green eggs.

"There must be some mistake in my examination marking," said the soldier. "I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

"Neither do I," agreed the Instructor, "but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give."

## TENNIS TOURNAMENT

A round robin tournament will be held at Tech tomorrow afternoon at 4:30. Players will be paired at the discretion of the committee, which will be composed of Jack Mata of Military Aircraft, Lt. Wells of the Permanent Party and Lloyd Budge of the Athletic office.

The competition is open to both men and women and will last until 6:00 or 6:30 p.m. Entry, for which there is no fee, may be made by calling the Athletic office before 5:00 p.m. today.

Lloyd Budge is still giving lessons to employees free of charge and particular attention is paid to beginners. So—take advantage of this opportunity and become a part of the Embry-Riddle sports program.





by Walter Dick

Here we are again, folks, in the merry month of June. We were absent with our column last week—just too much work that had to go out—well, after all, that is the important thing, while this is a bit of past-time.

We were afraid we had lost Mr. Clements to our Uncle Sam, but guess the Board figured he was doing more good here. Glad you are back, Clements.

Our Paint and Radium rooms are now in their new quarters, and are quite light and airy. One thinks more of a nice laboratory with the clean white enameled equipment, white walls and exhaust fans, etc., than of shortage of Radium—but there is plenty now. Are the girls busy catching up on Compass cards, Airspeed, Tachometer and Altimeter dials(?) well, you should see them.

Hugh Skinner, don't look so down-cast—we know that "Jo" is away, but those two or three weeks will slip by in a hurry, especially with your flying days, and fighting Gyros half the night.

Our draftsman Mr. Rothschild, has promised us some cartoons for our column, so, folks, keep an eye open for them. We have seen some of them and they are good.

I seem to have misplaced the story about the mule, but will try and find it 'ere another week. In lieu of it I am submitting another of Russ Hinton's creations—you may like it better anyway, and will, I am sure, if you have ever worked on Gyros and never drove a mule.

#### Rotor Lunacy

Rotor-itis Jake said, "this'll be alright,"  
As he took apart a Flight,  
"For the Balls are clean, the Rotor's fine,  
The Gimbal's balanced and the Bar's in line."

He peeked into the case said, "The Gremlin's must have died,"

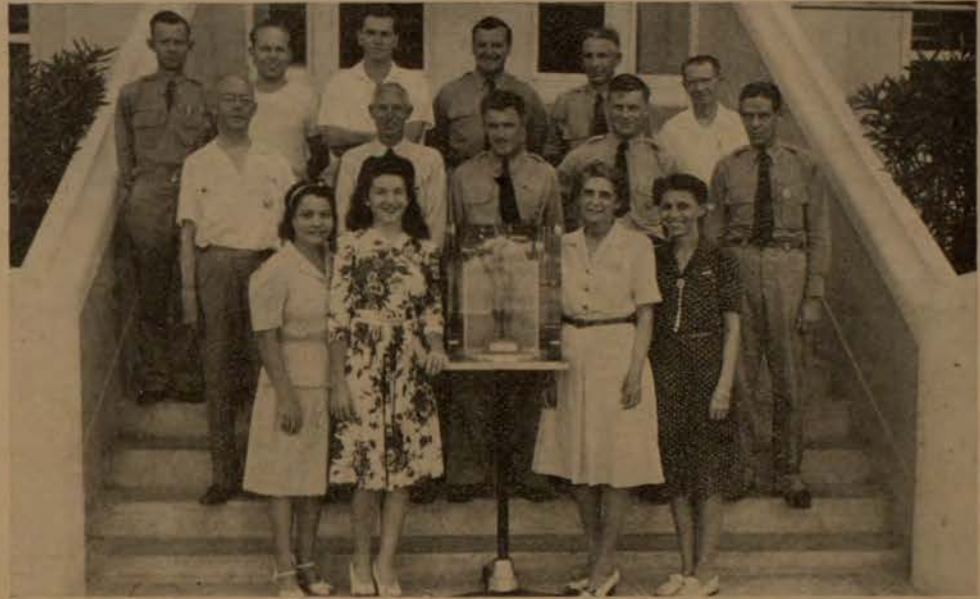
As he polished the Pivot and Bar Arm Guide.

#### MISS COLISEUM



Little Miss Janie Gretchen Sheffler is the daughter of Capt. F. J. Sheffler, U. S. Army Retired, who is an instructor at the Coliseum.

#### "OSCAR" GOES TO THE SHEET METAL DEPARTMENT



For outstanding achievement the Sheet Metal department wins the Embry-Riddle "Oscar" for the month of May. Members of the department are: front row, left to right, M. L. McLaughlin of the Tool Crib, Lorraine Bosley, Stenographer, M. H. Yarborough, Tool Crib, and M. L. Hendrickson, the department's only lady Instructor. Middle row, left to right, Instructors B. Z. Hartly and R. G. Dodley, M. K. Newsome, department head, H. C. Beazel and David Harlan, Instructors. Back row, left to right, Instructors I. E. Johnson, F. N. Magnuson, David Beatty, E. L. Duncan, W. G. Gilmore and R. E. Rinehimer.

*"With the Rotor balanced, the coast in time  
I'll bet six donuts to a shiny dime  
When I finish the test of open case  
They'll call me the Rotor-itis Ace."  
The Bar went up and down in time,  
The angular banks kept well in rhyme,  
With boast and swagger and polished grace  
He placed it gently in the painted case.  
But the future held a mighty store  
Of "tilt" and "drift" and "Gremlins lore."  
Then came a cloud, some remember yet  
And speak of in whispered, dismal regret.  
It was like a shadow of terrible evil,  
A swish of wings and black upheaval,  
The Rotor ground into a screaming rangle,  
The Bar flew up at a crazy angle,  
The time for settling never came,  
The Dial spun round, looked cock-eyed,  
lame.*

*Rotor-itis Jake sat with open mouth  
And watched the Gremlins play at "open house."*

*They grinned at him through the Bezel Glass,*

*Thumbed their noses and gave him Gremlin's Sass.*

*They played see-saw on the Horizon Bar  
And fought and tumbled in Gremlin's War.  
They blew the Mercury from the tube,  
Filled the air seal with dirty sea-lube.  
Rotor-itis Jake turned blue in the face,  
Threw up his hands in great disgrace.  
He beat his head upon the bench,  
Cursed the sons of the Gremlin's Race.  
He tore his hair and sighed and mourned  
And regretted the day that he was born,  
But the Gremlin's grinned in play  
To see Rotor-itis Jake taken away.*

*"I'd hate to have to write this twice,  
Just take a hint of good advice —  
If not for me, for your own good sake  
Don't be another Rotor-itis Jake."*

#### Champ Bowlers at Coliseum

by Laurice E. Anderson

The Coliseum Instructors scored, winning 15 games and losing 6—714 out of a possible 1000. It took the "Volts" to do it. Pressure in the system was divided among the entire team with everyone turning in a fair score. It's their first season of bowling together. The next season promises bigger and better scores (we hope!).

Our formula: Pressure—Volts.

Plus

Current—Amps.

Equals—Better results.

The pins are sure to collapse with "switch on" because the pressure in the system has been established and we are sure the current is going to flow with higher speed when we initiate the new team. "The Coliseum Amps," Wednesday night.

#### OVERHAUL CALCULATIN'

by Pinch Hitters

Wally Tyler and Carrol Waggoner

Portuguese is rapidly taking the place of English in this office. Even though it is quite sad at this point, we soon expect to be, shall we say, on the fluent side of the line. Even Mr. Thomas has his hand in the pie.

The call to arms hit the Allison family with full force last week when Loui received word that her Mother had joined the WAACs. Loui received a personal note from Private Mother Allison's Sergeant telling her she "better get hep to herself and join the Army."



# CHAPMAN CHATTER

by Lola Hayes

*I'm not so good at columnning  
I always wrote in rhyme  
But maybe if I hurry  
This will get to press on time.*

*And being an understudy  
Of Dorothy Parker's pun  
I do not write the news, Please.  
I only write for fun.*

*But maybe if I tried real hard  
I could write in prose.  
And find some little bit of news  
That no one already knows.*

*A news item should tell  
The what when why where and how.  
And if I'm to do all that  
I must begin. But now.*

The Field has really seen a spring clean up and paint up. All of the buildings have been painted white and are surrounded by numerous plantings of cherry bushes and mahogany trees. We really owe Mr. Sutter a big vote of thanks for all these and numerous other improvements.

It's "Roger-out" for our 43-H Class who have just finished their Elementary training. These bird-men are well on their way to wings, as are recent intermediate Classes. They have enjoyed their stay here but ex-

press anxiety to be on their way. Believe me, we'll miss their young smiling faces.

Our latest additional members of personnel include Jeanette Mickel in the stockroom, Hilda Peterson and Lorraine Greenwald in Operations and Lela Gresham in the Canteen. Mrs. Fernandez, (Billie) we miss you in Operations. Hope everything goes well with you in Atlanta and that you will be back soon.

A flat tire on the University bus this morning caused our 43-I Class considerable inconvenience. Some of them hitch-hiked on out here while others, scheduled for later flight, snoozed while the tire was being changed.

Ed Tierney and Malcolm Campbell, both former Embry-Riddle students, are now Flight Instructors. "Cookie" just called to see that this was going to get in on time. Says everything is going along well and hopes to be back next week.

Congratulations to Dave DaBoll who celebrated his birthday yesterday. He too is still young enough to have birthdays—copying Kay Weidman's stuff. She is the lucky girl who dates that very handsome C.A.P. man.

As I am typing this for Lola may I say that Lt. Prentiss doesn't fly a 22,000 hp. plane. Maybe he doesn't even fly, I don't

## PIPER CUBS WANTED

WANT J3 PIPER CUBS IN ANY CONDITION. ALSO PARTS FOR SAME. PREFER LYCOMING 65 HP. ENGINES BUT WILL CONSIDER OTHER MAKES. WANT ALSO LYCOMING 65 H.P. PARTS SUCH AS HEADS, CYLINDERS, ETC., NEW OR SUITABLE FOR RECONDITIONING. Reply Arthur Carpenter, Purchasing Agent, Embry-Riddle Co., Miami.

know. Anyway I'll never tell Wilbur Sheffield and Mr. Gibbons any more of my military secrets.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Devae are still with us. Almost permanent fixtures. Glad to have them as long as they want to stay.

Wain, this gets worse and worse. Won't you be glad when "Cookie" comes back?

*And so I leave by saying  
That I should stick to rhyme  
But maybe you have noticed  
This got to press on time.*

Make Safety a Game  
PLAY SAFE



## SOME JOBS DON'T CALL FOR TRAINING

On the other hand, most of them do. Usually, the more worthwhile a job is, the more it calls for good, sound training. Take Aviation, for example. There never was a time when opportunity knocked so long and loud—for people with training.

Do you want to build 'em? Fly 'em? Keep 'em flying? Would you like to be an instructor? No matter which, out of 41 different courses, Embry-Riddle has exactly the right one for you. Get all the facts and enroll soon.



3240 N. W. 27th AVENUE - MIAMI, FLORIDA

SEC. 562, P. L. & R.



Mfgs. Aircraft Assn., Inc.  
Attn: Mr. Murbach  
30 Rockefeller Plaza  
New York, N. Y.